address....

B-b-book? W-w-what b-b-book?

It would be like that, for Johnny. He wouldn't recognize the loser asking him about some shit he couldn't remember. He wrote it last night. Eons ago in the life of a senile dement.

Carelessness....

A disaster for the aerospace program....

*****

A 48 year old married Baptist businessman, and Workman's neighbour on Mutual Street, W.T. was admitted on January 20, 1883 for depression attributed on his History to business unsuccess. Listed among his delusions and propensities were refusing food and thinking that nothing could prosper with him.

Dr. Collins's Certificate reported the statement of W.T.'s wife that all his trouble has been want of success in business life & he wouldn't make any further effort.

Workman's diagnosis remarked W.T.'s deep melancholy.

*****

Morning at Porko's Thing Street pad....

As usual the budgies were scratching and scraping in the shit on the floor of their cage under a filthy Da-Minion flag. Porko removed the cover and opened the curtains that his honey VIXEN FOXY WEASEL-THEATRE made out of his smelly old G.A.S.P. boxers the last time she was in the Sharke Institute....

*****

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre was busted for hiding out in the coal bin with a 40-ouncer while Alapaloozah took the kids out for a joy-ride (he said) into a pylon on the 401.....

His idea of The Better Way (To Hell).....

While she was in the Sharke Tank she stayed in the ward for Feeble-Minded Whores and Race Suicides where she met the beautiful Trixie....

She'd only lately discovered the joys of Lesbia (she said).... She'd been reading that glorious Nestor of Dadanian alienists, Dr. C(old) K(iller) Sharke, on his favorite subjects....

His articles were synergizing with Wally's sugarstick and concurrently pussy-bumping a local gang of diesel dykes....

Into a spanking new gynocentric theology....

The Ratchet Madonna!

*****

The Killuh was right....